

APRIL-MAY 10¢

ANIMAL COMICS

A BELL COMIC •
DELL PUBLISHED BY
A BELL COMIC •

ROVER • JIGGER

UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

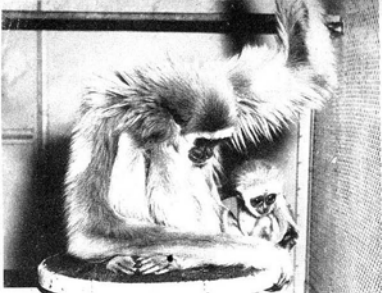
ZOO ANIMAL PHOTOS



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PHOTO ZOO

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS



Mother Gibbon monkey and her little baby. Just look at the little fellow; isn't he the cutest thing?



Looks right straight at the camera. Isn't afraid one bit. Oh, no, not with mama next to him. Just to make sure, he is holding on to her leg though.



On second thought he thinks he'd rather not take the chance and snuggles up real close. Now he feels safe. Mama isn't worried, however. She has been photographed before and knows we just want some pictures of her cute little baby, so that all of you can admire it.

ANIMAL COMICS, No. 26, April-May, 1947.
Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.,
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as
second-class matter April 27, 1943 at the Post Office
at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.
Additional second-class entry at the Post Office at St.
Louis, Missouri. Subscriptions in U.S.A. 60 cents per
year, single copies, 10 cents; in Canada, \$1.50 per year;
Elsewhere, \$1.00 per year. Copyright 1947, by Oskar
Lebeck. U.S.A. Patent Office Trade Mark 404,826
under the Act of March 19, 1920. Printed in U.S.A.

ALBERT

and

POGO

WHERE YOU
OWINE WIF
DE POT OF
- PAINT,
HOWLAN'
OWL?

AH GOIN' INTO
DE PAINTIN'
BUSINESS, POGO



WHY, SHECKINS! OWL, YOU
ISN'T KNOW NUFFIN' 'BOUT
PAINTIN'—YOU GOES BANK-
RUMP, FUST THING
YOU KNOWS!

DAT, SIR, IS A
SLUR, A SLANDER,
AN' A BASE
CANARD.

DAT FO' YOUR
SCORN, MISTUH
BEETLE!



HOW YOU LIKE DAT!
DAT SHOW WHO IS
A PAINTER—PUSSON,
NAME OF OWL!

NO QUESTION 'BOUT
DAT—YOU A GOOD
BEETLE PAINTER—
BUT DE MARKET
ISN'T SO GOOD.

AH
INSISTS—
FOOEY!



NATURAL, MOST
BEETLES DON'T
WANT TO BE PAINTED—
YOU OUGHT TO BE A
HOUSE PAINTER, WIF
LADDERS AN' SCAFFOLDS
AN' ROPES
AN' SUCH



HOW AH GONNA GIT A LADDER?
WASNT NO LADDER AT DE DUMP
WIF DISH YERE OUTFIT.

AH REPEATS—
YOU NEEDS SOMPIN'
TO GIT YOU UP HIGH



DERE IS MA
MAN! JES'
DE ONE TO
GIT ME UP
HIGH.

YO KIN
CLUMBER UP
ON HIM.



PUT IT DERE, ALBERT! YOU IS
MA NEW PODNER IN A BIG
MONEY-MAKIN' BUSINESS!

YOU PAINTIN'
YO' PODNER'S
STOMACH!



DAT'S GOOD, OWL, AH ALLUS GLAD
TO PICK UP A EXTER TWO OR
FREE BILLYUM DOLLARS

AH WOULD OF
INVITED POGO
TO JOIN ME IN
DE ENNERPRIZE
BUT HE KINDA
SLOW



VERY WELL! YOU SCORNS DE
SOUND ADVICE OF YO' ON'Y
ADVISOR—AH PUT DE BEST
YEARS OF DE PAS' FEW
MINUTES INTO GIVIN' YOU
DE WISDOM OF—

AH GONNA BUY A POUND OF
LICORICE CANDY WIF MA
FIRS' MILLION

AN'
FURTHERMORE
AH WANT TO
UB-BUP—

CHEW ON
DAT, POGO AH
GONE GIT A NEW
ONE ANYWAYS



FAUGH! DAT DO IT! AH
WILL GO GIT INTO A
NEW BUSINESS OF
MA OWN!



AH WILL GO OVAH
TO DAT OL' DUMP
AN' ROOCH 'ROUN'
TO FIND MASELF DE
QUIP-
MENT FO' A CAREER.



HMM-OL' OWL SKIM OFF DE
CREAM OF DE CROP-DON'T
SEEM DEY ANY CAREER TOOLS
LEFT DERE FO' A MAN OF
MA REE-FINED AN' CULTURED
NATURE.



AH HEAR TELL SOME LOW TYPE
RESTAURANTS AN' BEANERIES
USE BOUNCERS... AH GOOD AT
BOUNCIN'- NO TWO WAYS
'BOUT IT.



HERE'S A STEERIN' GEAR FUM A
ICICLE... HEAR TELL STEERS BRING
PLENTY OF MONEY IN DE STOCK-
YARDS-AH COULD GO UP DERE
AN' GIVE 'EM A MESS OF STEERIN'
FO' HALF PRICE.



HMMP! WHUT'S DISH YERE? LOOK
LIKE DE WISHBONE OF A RHINOSKERUS-
SEEM LIKE AH SEE ONE AFORE-AH
KNOWS-IT'S A OSTEOPATH!





MA SAKES ALIVE! DAT TREE
IS DEE-LERIOUS! SHE GOT
A BAD CASE OF DE SLIPPERY
ELM CROOP!

OH, AH
IS SICK!

THAT'S A
TELEPHONE

HULLO! HULLO,
OPERATOR!
GIMME DE
CHATANOOGA
FIRE DEPART-
MENT!

AH KNEWED IT! AH IS DONE
COTCH DE SLIPPERY ELM
CROOP! AH HEARS VOICES
INSIDE MA HAID BONE!

POOPY

YO' IS DIZZY-
LOOKIN'—YO'
IS REELIN'!

SPOTS BEFO'
MA SOFT BROWN
EYES!

TO FINK DAT AH DYIN'
OF A TREE BLIGHT...
WHUT A SORRY END-
WOE! WOE! WOE!

NEMMINE DAT WHOA
STUFF! YO' GOIN'
FAST! DE SLIPPERY
ELM CROUP GOT
YOU!

TIM-BERR!

HERE LIES DE DAID FORM
OF A FORMER POSSUM—
DIED OF DE ELM TREE
CROUP—NOW BUGS AN'
LIL' TERMITES WILL GNAW
OFF DE JUICY PARTS AN'
STRIP AWAY MA BARK



PARM ME, POGO, AH IS A
WOODPECKER BY TRADE AN'
IF YOU DON'T MIND AH WILL
PUT IN A RESERVATION FO'
FIRST PICKS ON DE
FALLEN TREE



NAMELY,
ME?

NAMELY!

AH GUESS A
TREE DON'T
SAY



WHUT'S
DAT?

YOTCH!



AH IS TERRIBLE SAM DE
TERMITE AN' IS ATTACKIN'
A TREE.

GIT AWAY! GIT OFF!

AH WIFFIN
MA RIGHTS
AS A TERMITE

DAT HE
BE! DAT
HE BE!



TERRIBLE SAM
IS HANGIN ON!

SHH—DE WOODPECKER
SNOOKIN' UP ON
HE'S PREY

IF AH WASN'T
A DAID TREE,
AH WOULD
BOP YO!



AH SOFTENIN' HIM UP—
AH IS INFLECTIN' TERRIBLE
PUNISHMENT!



NEVER
TOUCHED
ME!

POGO, YOU IS
PERTECTIN' DE
TERMITE—DAT'S
GINST DE RULES
OF DE LODGE.



AH IS MERE
PERTECKIN' MA
OWN SELF—YO'
IS BEATIN ME,
NOT DE
TERMITE

HMP!



AN' FURTHERMORE, EVVYBODY
OFF—EVVYBODY OFF—BEAT IT!



AH IS THROUGH WIF BEIN' A TREE
SURGEON—AH COTCHED DE SLIPPERY
ELM CROOP AN' ON'Y MA STRONG
WILL AND RUGGED CONSTITUTION
PULL ME THROUGH.



AH IS GONE BE A DOCTAH FO'
HUMAN BEANS—TREE DOCTORIN'
IS DANGEROUS... YOU TWO KIN GO
LOOK FO' A REAL TREE—AH IS
OVAH MA DEE-LERIUM!

SHECKS!



BLESS MA' CUTE OL' SELF, BUT
HERE IS DE VERY THING FO'
A HIGH-CLASS, GRADE "A"
DOCTOR!





MA SAKES, OWL,
YOU SPLUTTERIN'
DE PAINT ALL
OVAH.



NEMMINE,
ALBERT,
US BE
WEALTHY
MENS IN
COUPLE
DAYS.



PERTY SOON US ON EASY
STREET—WHEN US PAID
FOR ALL DE JOBS
US DO!

WHEN US GIT
PAID FO' DISH
YERE JOB?



OH, WHY,
DISH JOB IS
FO' FREE—
IT JEST
PRACTICE—
IT HAPPEN
DISH PLACE,
BELONG
OF ME!



GLUB!

DAT DISSOLVE DE COMPANY
RIGHT NOW—WHUT KIND
OF MONEY WOULD US MAKE
DAT WAY?

WHY, ALBERT!
WHUT IN DE
WORL' IS DE
MATTER
WIF YOU?

NONE OF YO'
BUSINESS!





LOOKY, DUCK-DEM SPICKS, AND SPOTS ON ALBERT LOOK MIGHTY PECULIAR!

AN' QUEER, TOO!



GOLLAMICKLE! DAT'S LEPROSY OR SOME RARE MALADY LIKE TONSILITIS IF EVAH AH SEE IT!

COULD BE! COULD BE! A MAN WIF RED SPECKLES ON HIS EPIDERMIS GOTTA HAVE SUMPIN HORRIBLE.



HOWDY, KIDS! AH JES' GIT INTO DE DOCTOR BUSINESS! ANY OF YOU LIL' CUTE FOLKS SICK OR DAID?

POGO!



DE ANSWER TO MA MAIDEN PRAYER! ALBERT JES WALK THROUGH WIF A EPIDEMIC OF DE EPIDERMIS.

HE TOOK BAD!



HE SUMPIN TO SINK YOU TEEFS INTO-PERVIDIN' YO ISN'T A VET-ER'NARY WHUT CAIN'T EAT MEATS.



MA BEST FREN' AT DEBT'S DOOR!



CALL OUT DE PULMOTOR! GIT DE IRON LUNGS-POGO POSSUM, M.D. IS ON DE WAY TO DE RESCUE!

GREAT!



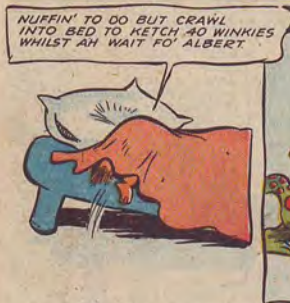
WHICH WAY HE GO?

DAT



CALL OUT DE PULMOTOR! GIT DE IRON LUNG! POGO POSSUM, M.D. IS ON DE WAY TO DE RESCUE!

GREAT!



BUT ALBERT, AH JES' STARTIN' UP A DOCTORIN' BUSINESS AN' YOU LOOKS TERRIBLE!

YOU ISN'T NO CLEE O'PATRICK YOURSELF.

YEOWP! AH IS SICK—JES' GOT A SUDDEN PAIN IN DE HINGES!

STAY CALM!

HMM—

OW!
OW!

OH-OH-AH KAIN'T NOT STAN' DE PAIN—WHICH WAY IS DE WATER?

DAT.

OWITCH! NOW I IS GOT IT—DE PLAGUE DONE BIT ME!

DE PAIN IS KILLIN' ME—IT'S HOT LIKE FLAMIN' BRANDS—AH GONE JEMP IN DE WATER!

Z-

GREAT!



WAKE UP, PORKY PINE!

WHO SWUPPED DE KIVVERS OFFEN ME?



YOU FOLKS ISN'T GOT NOTHIN' - CEPT PORKY PINE QUILLS IN YO'SELFS.

DAT BAD ENOUGH.



BUT AH MUS' HAVE CURED YOU ANYWAYS! DE SPOCKS IS ALL GONE.

OH, DEM OL PAINT SPICKS JES WASH OFF.



SHECKS, DEN AH ISN'T CURED NOBODY... AH GOIN' BACK TO BEIN' A PLAIN POSSUM!

GREAT!



MAKE WAY FO' DE MAN WIF DE SEEIN' EYE POTATO BUG...

OWL, YO' IS LOOK LIKE A REDHEADED WOODPECKER.



AH TOLE YOU, YOU'D BE IN DE RED, OWL.

AH LIQUIDATED HIS ASSETS ON HIS HAID.

HURRY- SLUB- UP!

JIGGER

NOW, LOOK... ALL YOU HAFTA DO IS WALK IN WITH THE NEXT CUSTOMER. AN' TH' BUTCHER WILL THINK YOU'RE WITH HER, SEE?

THEN WHAT?

THEN WHEN YOU SIT UP AN' BEG, TH' BUTCHER THROWS YOU A HUNKA BOLONEY OR SOMETHIN'!

YOU SURE IT'LL WORK, JIGGER?

LISSEN, I'VE DONE IT SO MANY TIMES THE BUTCHER KNOWS ME ALREADY

ALL I HAFTA DO IS SIT UP AN' BEG, HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT... HE'LL THINK YOU'RE CUTE AN' THROW YOU SOMETHIN'!

TROUBLE IS I DON'T LOOK CUTE EVEN WHEN I'M BEGGIN'!

AH! GET READY, MOOCH! I BETCHA THIS WOMAN IS A CUSTOMER.

ATTA BOY, MOOCH! GO TO IT!

MOOCH OUGHTA SAVE ME A PIECE OF WHATEVER HE GETS FOR PUTTIN' HIM ON TO THIS

WHAT HAPPENED, MOOCH?

YOU AN' YOUR BIG IDEAS



THAT LADY I FOLLOWED WAS THE BUTCHER'S WIFE!

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN



YEH - TO ME!

NEVER MIND... I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET US SOMETHING TO EAT



SAY! HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT PEANUTS?!

IF **SQUIRRELS** CN STAND 'EM, I CAN!



- BUT I CAN'T STAND **SQUIRRELS**

IF **PEANUTS** CN STAND 'EM, I CAN... LET'S GO!:



ARE WE GONNA BEG FOR PEANUTS LIKE THE **SQUIRRELS** DO?

NO... THAT WONT WORK, MOOCH



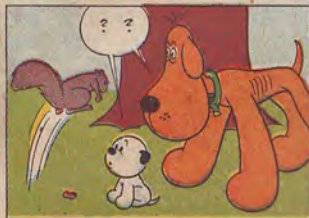
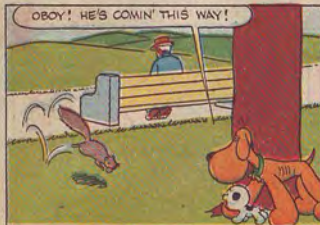
WE'RE GONNA **HIJACK** TH' PEANUTS AWAY FROM THE **SQUIRRELS**

OH!



AH! THERE'S OUR FIRST VICTIM!





I DUNNO WHAT WE'RE
GONNA DO NOW! I'VE
RUN OUT OF IDEAS

GEE WHIZ! EVEN
THE ANIMALS IN THE
ZOO ARE BETTER OFF
THAN WE ARE

ANIMALS IN
THE ZOO!
THAT GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!

BUT WE CAN'T
JOIN THE
ZOO!
WE'RE ONLY
DOGS!

NOW IF WE WUZ LUCKY
ENOUGH TO BE BORN
BABOONS -

I THINK IT'S
JUST ABOUT
FEEDING TIME
OVER THERE...
C'MON, MOOCH!

IT'S NO FUN WATCHING
SOMEBODY ELSE EAT

IF THIS IDEA OF
MINE WORKS,
WE'LL DO THE
EATING

ARF! ARF!

THE
SEAL
POOL!

AH! WE'RE
JUST IN
TIME

Y'SEE, THE KEEPER
STANDS OUTSIDE THE
FENCE AN' THROWS TH'
FISH TO TH'
SEALS

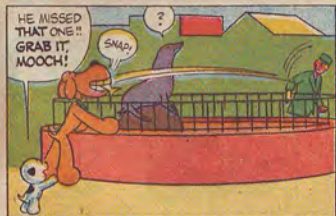
ARF!
ARF!

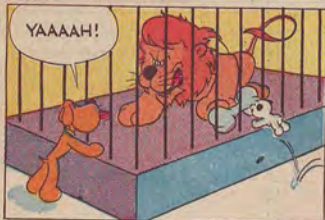
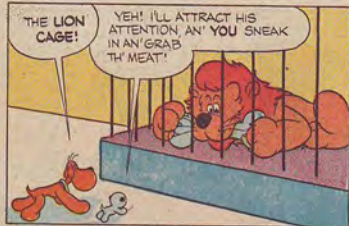
WHERE DO
WE COME
IN?

SOMETIMES
THE SEALS
DON'T MAKE
THE
CATCH!

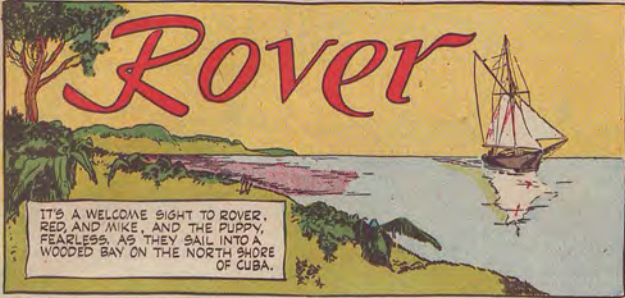
NOW, YOU GET UP THERE ON THE FENCE,
MOOCH, AND WHEN HE MISSES, YOU
GRAB IT!

SNAP!





Rover



IT'S A WELCOME SIGHT TO ROVER, RED, AND MIKE, AND THE PUPPY, FEARLESS, AS THEY SAIL INTO A WOODED BAY ON THE NORTH SHORE OF CUBA.

AS THE ANCHOR GOES OVER WITH A RATTLE, RED AND MIKE ARE BUSY SECURING THE SAILS.



GEE, FEARLESS, DOESN'T THAT STILL WATER LOOK GOOD?



SO GOOD DOES IT LOOK, THAT IN A MOMENT MIKE HAS PULLED OFF HIS CLOTHES AND WITH FEARLESS, IN HE GOES!

HEY MIKE! MIKE! COME BACK ABOARD, RIGHT AWAY!



AND THEN MIKE SUDDENLY SEES SOMETHING THAT CHILLS HIS HEART--TWO BIG SHARKS LOAFING TOWARDS HIM.



RED! RED! QUICK, THROW US A ROPE, HELP!



PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO KICK OFF HIS SHOES AND SEIZE A RAZOR-SHARP FISH KNIFE, RED DROVE IN



THE SHARKS HAD CIRCLED NOW AND WERE BETWEEN RED AND MIKE -- THEN AS HE CAME CLOSE TO THEM RED WENT DOWN!



A DESPERATE PLUNGE OF HIS KNIFE AND RED HAD CUT INTO ONE OF THE ALREADY CIRCUING MAN-EATERS

COME ON MIKE -- SWIM FOR THE BOAT JUST AS FAST AS YOU CAN, THOSE SHARKS WILL BE BUSY WITH THAT WOUNDED ONE FOR ONLY A MINUTE.

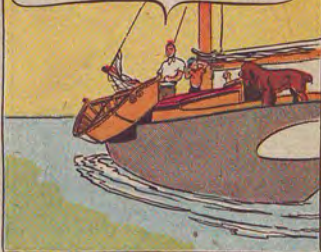


MIKE YOU MUST NEVER JUMP INTO TROPICAL WATER WITHOUT BEING SURE WHERE SHARKS ARE!

GEE, I NEVER WILL AGAIN, RED—NEVER!



~AND NOW LET'S GET THIS DINGY OVER AND WE'LL ROW ASHORE ~



WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE FEARLESS. HE'S A LITTLE TOO SMALL TO GO EXPLORING YET!



HOW'S THAT DRY LAND FEEL, MIKE?

PRETTY SOLID, RED—AND PRETTY GOOD, TOO!



WELL, THERE YOU ARE, MIKE—CUBA!



LOOK AT THIS, MIKE—NOT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM SHORE AND IT'S ALMOST THICK JUNGLE.

BOY! IT'S KINDA CREEPY, ISN'T IT?

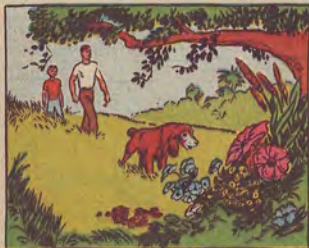




THE WILD LIFE OF THE ISLAND WAS ALL ABOUT THEM. BRIGHT PLUMAGED TROPICAL BIRDS WHIRLED UP BEFORE THEM.



A SLEEPY BOA CONSTRICTOR STIRRED ONCE AS THEY CAME PAST HIM DOWN A DEEP MEADOW.



WILD BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS ABUNDANT IN THE OPEN PATCHES OF THE JUNGLE.



AND RED AND MIKE STOOD BENEATH THE STRANGE BRANCHES OF THE BANYAN TREE GAZING AT ITS MAZE OF ROOTS.



SUDDENLY ROVER CAME TO A STIFFENED POSE—



AND THEN DASHED MADLY AFTER A BIG IGUANA LIZARD SCUTTLING HURRIEDLY INTO THE UNDER BRUSH.





YOW! WHAT WERE THEY?

JUST BATS, MIKE, THE LIGHT MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM.



YOU SEE THEY DON'T LIKE LIGHT AT ALL AND WHEN



HEY, RED!
I'VE FALLEN!



MIKE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!

YES, BUT I THINK ROVER'S FOUND SOMETHING DOWN HERE!



WHY, IT'S A DOORWAY!



VOODOO!
BY GEORGE!



WHAT'S VOODOO,
RED?

WELL, IT'S AN OLD
AFRICAN CULT OF
BELIEVING IN —



WOCK



GOOD
GRIEF!
LOOK!!



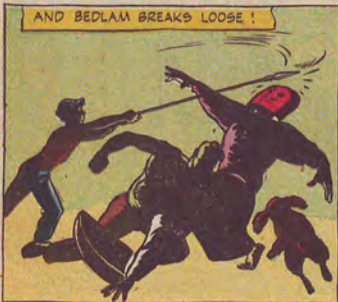
CAREFUL NOW, MIKE — DON'T
MOVE TILL I SAY SO!



NGAI MOMBAR
MOMO DISTI
MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



SUDDENLY RED GRABS BOTH SPEARS
AND LUNGES AT THE WEIRD
MASKED FIGURES.



AND BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE!



RUN, MIKE!
GET OUT QUICK!



THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH!
C'MON, RUN!
C'MON, ROVER!

WISH WE COULD HAVE
SOME KIND OF A
LIGHT ~ LOST MY
MATCHES BACK THERE--
HARDLY SEE .



I THINK THIS IS THE WAY
WE CAME . I'M NOT SURE --



MIKE, I HATE TO SAY IT,
BUT I THINK WE'RE LOST.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHICH IS
THE RIGHT WAY TO TURN .



NOW AS I REMEMBER IT
WE CAME DOWN A SORT
OF CORRIDOR JUST BEFORE
YOU FELL ~ QUIET THERE, ROVER.



RED ! I BELIEVE HE'S
TRYING TO TELL US SOME-
THING ~ SEE HOW HE RUNS
OFF AND THEN COMES
BACK TO US !



BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT,
MIKE ! I'LL BET ROVER
KNOWS THE WAY OUT ~
COME ON , GO AHEAD,
ROVER , GO AHEAD, BOY !



GOOD BOY, ROVER !
LOOK, MIKE, HE'S
DONE IT ! DAYLIGHT !



HOO RAY ! WE'RE
OUT ! THANKS TO
GOOD OLD ROVER !



ROVER OLD BOY,
YOU'VE DONE IT
AGAIN ! SOME DAY
WE'LL REPAY YOU !



GEE THIS CUBA IS KIND
OF UNFRIENDLY
COUNTRY, ISN'T IT, RED ?



NO ~ WE JUST HIT A BAD
SPOT, MIKE ~ WE'LL
SEE SOME OF ITS GOOD
PART TOMORROW, I THINK.



SO THE
GULL GETS
UNDERWAY
LIP THE
COAST OF
CUBA-
TO FURTHER
ADVENTURES.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933 of Animal Comics published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946, State of New York, County of New York, as:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Animal Comics and that the following is, to the best of her belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in sections 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1946

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1948)

UNCLE WIGGILY





AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT A BRAND-NEW SET OF DISHES!



SHE'S A SUDDEN WOMAN — NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY IS!



THINK IT'S SAFE TO SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN?

YES!

YOU! YOU BUGS ARE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS TROUBLE!



WAIT, UNCLE WIGGILY! WE'RE IN TROUBLE, TOO!

THERE'S A BIG BEAR ROBBER AT OUR VILLAGE.



SO! AND YOU WANT ME, AN OLD GENTLEMAN RABBIT, TO CHASE HIM OUT?

HE'S TAKING A NAP, SO YOU COULD TIE HIM UP OR SOMETHING — AND HE'S LAID HIS DIRTY, OLD COAT DOWN ON TOP OF OUR HOUSE!



WELL, ALL RIGHT, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO



THANKS, UNCLE WIGGILY! THIS WAY —

THERE!

UHM! A TOUGH CUSTOMER!



I THINK WE'LL REMOVE HIS COAT FIRST.











UNCLE WIGGILY'S
CHINA SHOPPE

LOOK WHAT THAT
SIGN SAYS,
NURSE
JANE!

UNCLE WIGGILY'S
CHINA — OF ALL
THINGS!

WIGGILY LONGEARS!
WHAT ON EARTH
DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS, NURSE
JANE, THAT NOW I
CAN REPLACE THE
DISHS I'VE BROKEN.





The CIRCUS SEAL



*My business calls for lots
of skill, for balance, poise,
and timing. I must excel
at music too, and never flinch
from climbing. The eager
public's wondering gaze is
fixed on my skill unerring.
And when I'm finished my
reward is always — just
a HERRING!*



UNGOR GUARDS the FLOCK

By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

Drawings by M. GOLLUB



Ungor, the mountain ram, stood with head lifted, uneasily sniffing the wind. Behind him on the bare Northern slope huddled the little flock of which he was the guardian: three ewes and two lambs. In front, a hundred feet below, lay the great Yukon, its dark waters hidden beneath a heavy coating of ice and snow. Overhead a leaden sky arched toward far-off snowy peaks.

Suddenly the ram uttered a startled snort. The bleak wind that came roaring southward across the wide valley carried with it the unmistakable threat of danger: the familiar doglike odor of Lupe, the timber wolf!

Turning abruptly on his small flintlike hoofs, Ungor trotted past the waiting flock and began to climb. With the lambs and the ewes forming a line behind him, he made his way upward over glistening outcroppings of black rock, over rippling streaks and banks of green ice, through drifted patches of feathery snow that rose and swirled about his gray flanks—up and up toward the white summit of Kimora.

Halfway up the great mountain, he halted between two masses of sheltering rocks and gazed downward again toward the wide valley. On the far side, at the edge of the snow-covered ice, squatted a dark shape, its lifted head almost black against the white background. As Ungor watched it, the wolf rose and began to cross the river. Loping with quick eager strides, the creature left a long curving line of deep imprints in the soft snow.

Ungor continued to watch until his enemy was hidden beneath a bulging shoulder of the mountain; then placing himself at the head of his flock, he began once more to climb. Ice particles tinkled about his feet. Steam from his black nostrils rose cloudlike to vanish swiftly against the gray sky.

Onward and upward he continued to lead the way, until at last he reached a narrow wind-swept ledge high above the white valley. For perhaps half a dozen yards the ledge was scarcely more than two feet wide; then it broadened and ended against a high overhanging rock. Sure of foot and undismayed by the abrupt drop at his left, Ungor led the flock as far as the sheltering rock; then turning, he retraced his steps, halting at the beginning of the narrow part of the ledge. His small black eyes gleamed as he stood guard, waiting, listening.

Suddenly from somewhere down the mountainside rose a sharp strident note followed by a prolonged howl. Ungor turned his head slightly, one curved horn thrust aggressively forward. Behind him the ewes and the lambs stirred uneasily and pressed closer to one another. Again sounded the sharp strident note, eager, triumphant, full of savage menace—and much nearer!

Ungor advanced a stride or two and then halted again, his head lowered, his broad body completely blocking the ledge.

Once more the strident savage note mingled with the wild voice of the wind. A bleak

quivering silence followed the sound—a strange and expectant hush that lasted for fully a minute. Then a dark muzzle thrust itself past the overhanging rock and a moment later Ungor was face to face with his lifelong enemy. Lupe, the timber wolf! The seconds passed while the two confronted each other—the wolf with sharp upstanding ears against the snow, powerful white teeth flashing, yellow eyes wide and bold and unblinking; the ram with stout curving horns lowered; guarding the passage.

Suddenly Lupe leaped to the attack! At the same instant Ungor charged, hurling the attacker back upon his haunches. With a snarl of rage the wolf leaped again, his gleaming teeth slashing into the ram's shoulder. Then a horn against the creature's breast tossed him backward again—backward and a little to one side, so that he was obliged to scramble frantically in order to keep from going over the ledge.

Feeling the firm rock under his feet again, the wolf gathered himself for another onslaught. For an instant his gaze shifted to the ewes and lambs crowding close against one another at the far end of the ledge. Then once more he charged, low this time in order to escape those powerful thrusting horns. But Ungor was ready for him! He struck the wolf squarely and, huge and active though he was, hurled him violently against the rocky wall.

Once more the wolf retreated. Ungor held his position, silent, stubborn, almost motionless. Blood from his slashed shoulder formed a widening purple patch on his thick gray wool. Overhead the sky became a shade darker. Blue vapor began to fill the valley, and the far-off summits looked amazingly, dazzlingly white in a darkening world.



Suddenly Lupe twisted his supple body abruptly about in the narrow space and trotted past the frozen cascade, leaving the whole ledge to Ungor. Out of sight of his enemy, he raised his head and gave voice to a long-drawn howl of rage and disappointment—and challenge!

But Ungor knew his advantage and refused to leave the ledge. Without changing his position, he waited with head upraised, his little black eyes watching the space beyond the hanging mass of ice. Long years of experience told him that Lupe would return.

Beyond the hills across the river the northern lights were beginning to play. A luminous band of quivering white, low on the horizon, extended far toward the west and east, now brightening, now fading, now brightening again. Swiftly it widened and then began to send forth great rippling streamers of pink and green and violet light—dancing, shaking, fluttering ribbons that lengthened and shortened, spreading fanwise outward and upward. The air snapped and vibrated.

Ungor felt odd little pricklings beneath his heavy coat. Now and again the thick dry wool would snap and give forth tiny sparks. At times the waving varicolored streamers, suddenly brightening, would cause him to turn his head. Then he would turn back, his patient gaze upon the blue depths of space beyond the cascade.

Suddenly he stiffened, at the same time throwing his weight aggressively forward. Two spots of burning gold, close together, had abruptly appeared within the blue depths! They grew larger, brighter, as the great wolf picked his way slowly forward. With head lowered, the ram awaited the attack.





With a high-pitched snarl, the gray shape charged along the narrow ledge. A curved horn dug into his breast, and he uttered a howl of pain. The next instant his sharp muzzle was beneath the ram's guard, and sharp teeth sank into Ungor's throat. Lunging to the right, the ram tried to shake his enemy off, tried to thrust him toward the yawning blackness that filled the valley; but Lupe's grip was firm and his great supple body too heavy to be tossed easily aside.

A powerful downward pull brought Ungor to his knees. He struggled upward again and succeeded in flinging the attacker against the wall—but he was unable to break the wolf's savage grip!

Now was the time! As the ram quivered and relaxed, Lupe let go his hold, intending to strike higher along the throat. But he had underestimated the remaining strength of his victim. As the sharp teeth left his flesh, Ungor jerked his head swiftly sidewise and lunged awkwardly back along the ledge—and the wolf's teeth came together with a loud click on empty air!

Surprised by his failure, the wolf stood motionless for a fraction of a second in the middle of the shelf—and in that fleeting fragment of time Ungor gathered himself for one last desperate effort. With horns lowered almost to the level of his feet, he flung himself forward—not directly at his enemy, but at the narrow space between his enemy and the wall of rock.

Again the great wolf was taken by surprise. Before he could save himself, the ram's

broad speeding body was between him and the wall. The impact of it thrust him outward! In vain he arched his unbalanced body while his teeth sought a grip upon his enemy. It was no use. With jaws wide and legs frantically pawing, he went over the edge and vanished in the thin murky air of the valley hundreds of feet below.

Ungor knew he had won! Lying on his side beneath the frozen cascade, he stared with unblinking eyes into space, content just to rest. A deep patch of soft feathery snow was pleasant against his lacerated throat; it would stop the bleeding.

The minutes passed. The moving ribbons flamed and faded to flame again more brightly. Far below, the snow-covered river was like a vast bright floor on which the mountain gods might dance. To the north the remote gleaming peaks seemed to rock and sway in the tingling, strangely vibrant air.

Ungor raised his head at last and with mild eyes viewed the brilliant spectacle. Stiffly and with difficulty he pushed himself to his feet and turned cautiously about on the ledge. Then, under the radiant flaming arch of the sky, he made his way in triumph toward his waiting flock.

Speedy Animals



CATS ARE GREAT SPRINTERS. THE CHEETAH'S SPEED HAS BEEN CLOCKED AT 70 MILES PER HOUR.

IT IS SWIFTER THAN A GAZELLE WHOSE SPEED IS ABOUT 60 MILES PER HOUR.



THE RHINO, CLUMSY AS IT LOOKS, CAN DO 35 MILES P.H.



THE HORSE RUNS FASTER THAN A GREYHOUND. MAN O' WAR HAS DONE 43 MILES P.H. THE FASTEST GREYHOUND 36 MILES P.H.

EVEN THE ELEPHANT RUNS 24 MILES P.H. TO MAN'S 23 MILES P.H.

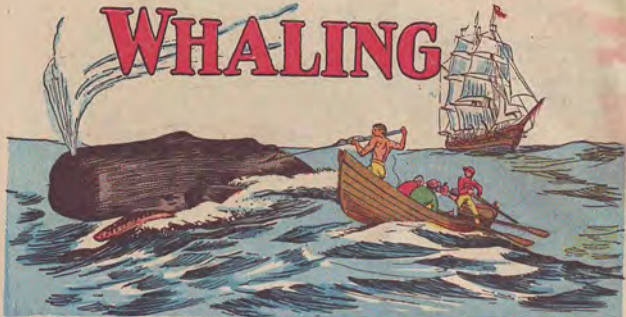


A DEER CAN DODGE BETWEEN TREES GRACEFULLY, AT 30 MILES P.H.



WHILE A FAST MOVING SLOTH MANAGES TO DO ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE IN AN HOUR GOING AT TOP SPEED.

WHALING



NOT SO LONG BEFORE THE DISCOVERY THAT THERE WAS OIL IN THE EARTH, MAN'S MAIN SOURCE OF THAT VALUABLE LUBRICANT AND LIGHTING FUEL WAS THE WHALE. HUNTED IN THE SEVEN OCEANS BY THE SAILORS OF AMERICA AND NEW ENGLAND IN PARTICULAR, THE PURSUIT OF THE WHALE CONSTITUTED A MAJOR INDUSTRY.

ED



IN STURDY SAILING SHIPS SAILORS FROM NEW BEDFORD, NEW LONDON AND NANTUCKET PUT OUT ON LONG, DANGEROUS VOYAGES, HUNTING DOWN THEIR PREY ON THE SCATTERED WHALING GROUNDS OF THE WORLD.



SHOWING THE FLAG IN FAR-OFF PLACES, THE NANTUCKET WHALERS WERE AS FAMILIAR WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC AS HIS SHOPKEEPER BROTHER WAS AT HOME WITH HIS NEIGHBORS.



THESE WHALEMEN WERE A RUGGED, ABLE LOT, AND USED TO LEAVING HOME FOR LONG VOYAGES. THE CREWS WERE A MIXED LOT BUT MADE UP MOSTLY OF NEW ENGLANDERS.



ONCE OUT AT SEA, THE MATES AND HARPOONERS CHOSE THEIR CREWS FOR THE LONG, GRACEFUL WHALEBOATS, OF WHICH AS MANY AS SIX WERE HUNG FROM THE DAVITS ON THE SIDES OF THE SHIP.



WITH THE BOAT CREWS CHOSEN AND TRAINED AND THE SHIP NEARING THE WHALING GROUNDS, A CONSTANT WATCH WAS KEPT ALOFT.



THE SIGHT OF THE HIGH, MISTY PLUME OF SPRAY THAT MARKED A WHALE'S PRESENCE AS HE BLEW ON THE SURFACE BROUGHT THE FAMILIAR CRY OF "THAR SHE BLOWS!"



NOW THE WHALEBOATS WENT INTO THE WATER AND EVERY EFFORT BENT TO APPROACH AND HARPOON THESE HUGE, BLUBBER-BEARING MAMMALS, FOR THE WHALE IS NOT A FISH.



HIGH IN THE BOW STOOD THE HARPOONER—HIS LONG HARPOON BALANCED AND READY TO BE PLUNGED INTO THE SIDE OF THE UNSUSPECTING MONSTER.



WITH A HEAVE OF HIS STRONG RIGHT ARM THE HARPOONER STRUCK AND IT WAS HIS LONG YEARS OF EXPERIENCE THAT MADE THIS TRICKY BUSINESS A WELL-PAID JOB.



ONCE "IRONED" THE WHALE WAS OFF, FRANTIC IN ITS EFFORT TO FREE ITSELF FROM ITS TORMENTOR. THE TOWED BOAT FOLLOWED, DASHING THROUGH THE SEA IN A WELTER OF WHITE FOAM THAT LED TO THE FITTING TERM OF "GOING ON A NANTUCKET SLEIGH RIDE"



IT WAS A DANGEROUS JOB, FOR OFTEN WITHOUT WARNING THE WHALE WOULD SOUND, DOWN, DOWN IT WOULD GO AND IT CALLED FOR QUICK THINKING AND HANDLING OF THE LINE TO KEEP THE SMALL BOAT FROM BEING PULLED UNDER.



AND THEN TOO, THE WHALE WAS JUST AS LIKELY TO COME SURGING TO THE SURFACE, OFTEN LEAPING HIS FULL LENGTH INTO THE AIR IN HIS MAD DANCE TO GET RID OF THE LINE



BUT EVENTUALLY THE WHALE TIRED AND LAY SPENT UPON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA AND THE PERILOUS TASK OF CLOSING IN AND LANCING THE HUGE MONSTER FELL AGAIN TO THE HARPOONER, AND TO THE MATE AT THE STEERING OAR, THE DELICATE JOB OF KNOWING HOW TO GET THE BOAT AWAY QUICKLY SHOULD THE WHALE, AS HE OFTEN DID, REACT VIOLENTLY TO THE DEATH THRUST OF THE LANCE.



AS OFTEN AS NOT, THEN CAME THE JOB OF THE LONG TOW BACK TO THE SHIP'S SIDE, SHOULD IT NOT BE IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY.



SECURED TO THE SIDE OF THE SHIP THE WORK OF CUTTING WAS COMMENCED AS THEY LOWERED THE CUTTING STAGE AND STARTED STRIPPING THE BLUBBER FROM THE WHALE.



THE LONG, THICK STRIPS WERE HAULED UP ON DECK WHERE THEY WERE MINCED AND CUT INTO PIECES AND TUMBLED INTO THE FRYING VATS WHERE THE BLUBBER WAS MELTED INTO OIL.



HAVING RENDERED THE OIL FROM THE BLUBBER, IT WAS POURED INTO HUGE CASKS AND STORED BELOW.



AND NOW, ITS BARRELS ALL FILLED, THE WHALER TURNED HOME AFTER HAVING BEEN AWAY SOME TIMES AS LONG AS TWO YEARS.



IT WAS BECAUSE OF THESE LONG PERIODS AT SEA, FAR FROM HOME AND THEIR OWN KIND, THAT THE CUSTOM WAS ESTABLISHED OF TALKING TO OTHER SHIPS. BITS OF GOSSIP AND NEWS WERE EXCHANGED. EVERY WHALER ENJOYED A "GAM," AS THESE MEETINGS WERE CALLED.



ONCE HAVING REACHED HOME PORTS, CREWS FREQUENTLY JUMPED SHIP, NOT WANTING TO STAY EVEN TO AID IN UNLOADING THE MANY BARRELS OF OIL.



FAME AND FORTUNE CAME TO NEW ENGLAND WITH THE WHALING INDUSTRY AND THE WORLD'S LIGHTS BURNED BRIGHTLY BECAUSE MEN RISKED THEIR LIVES HUNTING THE OIL-BEARING MONSTERS.



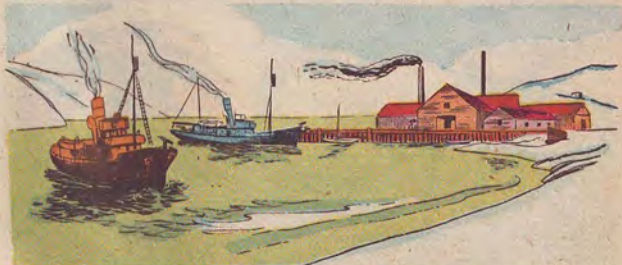
THE WHALE IS STILL HUNTED IN MANY LANDS. IN THE ICY WASTES OF THE SUBARCTIC, THE ESKIMO HUNTS HIM AMONG THE ICE FLOES OF THE POLAR SEA.



IN SMALL, FRAGILE CRAFT THEY GO OUT FROM SHORE MUCH IN THE MANNER OF THE EARLY NEW BEDFORD WHALEBOATS.



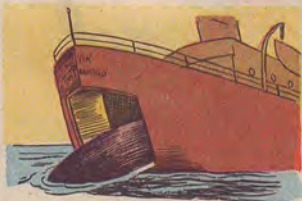
TOWING THE WHALE BACK AFTER IT HAS BEEN KILLED, THEY LABORIOUSLY STRIP AND TRY THE BLUBBER FOR ITS OIL.



NOR IS THE INDUSTRY CONFINED TO THE ESKIMO, FOR SMALL STEAMERS STILL HUNT THE WHALE FROM WHALING STATIONS LOCATED CLOSE TO THE ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC ENABLING THE SHIPS TO RETURN AT FREQUENT INTERVALS AND DISCHARGE THEIR CARGOES.



BUT THE HAZARDOUS PRACTICE OF HARPOONING FROM A SMALL BOAT IS A THING OF THE PAST ON THESE STEAMERS, AND A HARPOON FIRED FROM A GUN BRIDGES THE DISTANCE FROM SHIP TO WHALE.



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS HAVE MADE THIS A THING OF GREAT ACCURACY. HARPOONING HAS ADVANCED TO THE STAGE WHERE NOW A SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE ATTACHED TO THE HARPOON ITSELF KILLS THE WHALE IMMEDIATELY.

LARGE STEAMERS WITH ODD-SHAPED STERNS EQUIPPED WITH DOORS THROUGH WHICH THE WHALE IS DRAWN FOR DISMEMBERMENT ARE ALSO USED—A FAR CRY FROM THE SMALL, STURDY SAILING SHIPS WHICH ONCE MADE THIS INDUSTRY A THING OF ROMANCE.



MODERNIZATION, AS IN EVERYTHING, HAS HELPED THE WHALING INDUSTRY, AND IT WOULD BE A SURPRISED NEW BEDFORD WHALING SKIPPER, INDEED, WERE HE TODAY TO WITNESS A WHALE HUNT CARRIED OUT BY SMALL PLANES. THE WHALE, IT SEEMS, IS THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NOT CHANGED IN ALL THESE YEARS.

PHOTO ZOO

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

Mike, the one-and-a-half-year old orang-utan gets a bath. Do you see him complaining? No, sirree! He loves it!



*Let **ME** do it, he says and gets to work with the longhanded brush. Watch out, Mike, or soap will get in your eyes.*



*The shampoo leaves Mike so clean, one can count every hair on his body, but who wants to. Say, some of you young fellows who are reading this can learn a lesson from Mike. It can be lots of fun to have a good scrub and you don't **HAVE** to be a monkey to enjoy it.*





*Mother and baby went for a walk.
Baby, too little yet to talk,
Trots behind mother holding on tightly,
When baby feels his tail pulled lightly.
Baby, confused, drops mother's tail,
Sits on his own and starts to wail.*